

Librium

"Living"

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Not quite white, but not quite black
Traveling straight, but headed back
Not quite a girl, but not quite a man
The poorest thumb on the richest hand

You're losing sight, it's not quite right
It's not my fight, but you've been living in sin
You're losing sight, it's not quite right
It's not my life, but you've been living in sin

Not quite heav'n, but not quite hell
You're low on sense but high as well
Happy enough to stay alive
But sad enough to want to die

Cause waiting here is like a plain, happy fear

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